

THE
LOVER's MISCELLANY.
Being a CURIOUS
COLLECTION
OF
Amorous TALES *and* POEMS.

Together with some Faithful
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE *and* AMOURS
Of the late Celebrated
Mrs. ANN OLDFIELD.

L O N D O N :

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T H E
M A I D's R I D D L E.



TROUBLE SOME Guest
Perplexes my Rest,
And makes me *all over uneasy* ;
I was airy and free
As any could be,
But now am unactive and lazy.

This very same *Thing*
Is admir'd by a *King*,
And sought for in every Nation ;
It quickly does cloy,
Gives both Pain and Joy
To Folks of each Rank and each Station.

The *wise* Men approve it,
The *ignorant* love it,
Then let it be said, without Fiction,
Here *Passive Obedience*,
With all its Ingredients,
Is paid without any Restriction.

So great is its Force,
It draws more than a Horse,
Even Tyrants obey its Command ;

If Priests don't adore it,
They kneel down before it,
Nor is it displeas'd when they stand.

Nay more may be said,
It raises the Dead,
The Living it kills on the spot ;
Whoever will quell
This Morster so fell,
Lucinda shall fall to his Lot.

*The UNSATISFY'D LASS, or the Cook
sopt in his own Fat. A Ballad.*

To the Tune of, *A lufy young Smith, &c.*

A JOLLY brisk Cook was preparing a Dinner,
With Sweating, Turmoiling,
Pains taking, and Toiling,
So ho !

When to him came running in hastea young Sinner,
And asked if he'd work in her Kitchen below,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

Ay, ay, quoth the Cook, I'll do that if you're willing,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.
Ne'er doubt but I'll please you, and earn a Shilling.
The Bargain was made, and away they did go,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

She gave him a Coney, and bid him to spit it,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.
But said he shou'd pay for't, if that he did split it,
To which he consented, if he should do so,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

To

To work then he went, and he thought it was easy,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

She bid him *thrust* briskly, and be not so lazy ;
If he was an Artist, his Skill he must show,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

'Tis damnable tough, quoth the *Cook*, I perceive it,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

No Whit-leather worse, and I fear I must leave it ;
My Labour is lost, tho' I thrust puff and blow,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

If your Judgment, says she, is no better, go fiddle,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

You thrust at the Bone, prithee keep in the *Middle*,
And then you will find it slip in a propos,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

Quoth he, I was once of Opinion that no Man
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

In *thrusting* had ever less Skill than a Woman ;
But you have convinc'd me that it is not so,
With Sweating, Turmoiling, &c.

This Job now is done, quoth the *Lass*, there's another,
With Sweating, turmoiling, &c.

You will easily spit it, then keep not a pother,
But *thrust* in briskly the Way it should go,
With Sweating, turmoiling, &c.

Thou art not a Bungler, I plainly discover,
With Sweating, turmoiling, &c.

Then spit me a *third*, since the *second* is over,
For *three* is the Fee of a Maiden you know,
With Sweating, turmoiling, &c.

I'm now out of Breath, quoth the *Cook*, and I tell y'
With sweating, turmoiling, &c.
If you have not enough may the De'il fill your *Belly*;
I'll *spit* you no more, for my Spirits are low,
With sweating, turmoiling,
Pains-taking, and toiling,
So ho !

The S T O R Y of an Essex 'Squie's
taking his Wife's hairy Belly for a
Sign of Witchcraft.

Sir JOSEPH,

ACCORDING to your Request, I have made
the strictest Enquiry imaginable, and you
may depend upon the following Account to be
genuine.

Mr. T—*sd*—l, who lives in the County of
Essex, is a Gentleman, who may be said to have
had a *double Knock in the Cradle*; however, tho'
Nature has play'd the *Niggard* with him in re-
spect of Senie and Understanding, yet Fortune
doats upon him, and has given him a greater
Share of Wealth than *Fools* ought to be entrust-
ed with; and this perhaps may be one Reason
why his Relations provided a Wife for
him.

An intimate Acquaintance, who is an *excel-
lent Preacher*, but an *arch Wag*, came to him
the Morning he was to be married, and told
him, that every Woman who was *criniferous* in
any Part but her Head, was certainly a *Witch*;
The 'Squire was a little shocked at this unex-
pected

pected News ; but the *Priest* telling him that he believed the *Bride* was not of that Number, for he had known her some Years, the *Bridegroom* took Heart of Grace, and went to Bed to his Wife, but not without some fear and trembling. He now began to give his Hand the Liberty of Roving, which he often pulled back on a sudden, lest he should find what he did not desire to discover : The *Bride* trembled, but Modesty would not permit her to ask Questions. He now makes another Essay, which she suffered with the Patience and Resignation of a *Lamb*; but happening to touch a Place, which shall be nameless, he jumps out of Bed, behaves like a Madman, and bellows out, *My Wife is a Witch*; *my Wife is a Witch*.

This unusual Outcry alarmed all the good People in the House ; and the Mother, unwilling to expose her Son, went up Stairs, attended only with her Daughter, and opening the Door, asked what was the Matter ? The *Squire*, who had nothing on him but his Shirt, made a second Uproar, sobbed and cried, and told his Mother he was married to a *Witch*. The old Gentlewoman, not knowing what to make of this Affair, went and interrogated the *Bride*, while the Daughter, with much entreaty, prevailed with her Brother to put on his Gown. By this time the Mother had a full Relation of all that passed in Bed ; and guessing the Reason why her Son imagined his *Wife to be a Witch*, and that Somebody had filled his Head with such a *Conundrum*, on purpose to make a Jest of him, and expose him in publick Company, took him aside, and spoke thus to him. Will you always be a *Fool* ? What a Rout do you make about nothing ? How comes it to pass that you have such Skill in Women, as to know who are *Witches*, and who are not ? He

then related what the *Priest* had told him; at which his Mother could not refrain from laughing, but turned her Face aside, that he might not observe her. Well! says she, do you think I am a *Witch*? Or that your Sister is one? No, replied the 'Squire; for then I must be a Limb of the Devil. In short, Sir, the Mother and Sister were obliged to gratify one of his *Senses*, before he could be persuaded that his Wife was not a *Witch*. This being done, he went to Bed contentedly; and the Chamber-Door was scarce locked, when he began to stroke the bewitching Part, saying, Poor Thing, did I abuse it? *G-d help it*, did I abuse it, poor Thing? Come, come, let us *buss*, and be Friends.

I do assure you, Sir, that this Story is *literally* true; and the 'Squire is better known by the Nickname of *Little G-d help it*, than by his own Name *T—sd—l*; every Boy in the Parish jeers him with it; and having very lately stabbed one of them in the Back, the Blade of his Sword has been taken out, and a *Lath* shaped and painted in imitation of it, is placed in its room. I am, Sir,

Tours, &c.

The S A U S A G E. A Tale.

A Jolly Miss, who every Night
To use a *Sausage* took delight,
With a true, *Boarding-School*, fly Look,
Revealed the Secret to the *Cook*;
Who finding she'd take no Denial,
Did promise her to make a Trial.

With

With Bread next Morn the *Baker* came,
 The *Cook* to him reveal'd the same ;
 A Plot between 'em both was laid,
 To undeceive the *Sporting Maid*.

'Twixt twelve and one young *Miss* arose,
 And to the *Cook-maid's* Bed she goes ;
 Then turning round, she, whispering, says,
 I'll shew you now the *Art to please*.
 The *Baker* follow'd her Instruction,
 And quickly did obtain *Induction*.

Whate'er they did may well be gues'd,
 'Tis better thought on, than expreis'd :
 The *Baker* pleas'd her at the first,
 But soon she cry'd, *My Hopes are curs'd* ;
 The Sausage, *Foan*, I find is burſt.



*The Quaker's LETTER to Rachel
 Hackabout, a Strumpet in the Hundred of Drury.*

Sister RACHEL,

THE Wife of my Bosom hath been told by
 the Profane, that thee and I were in a
 (a) Leathern-Conveniency, and that *Jehu*, the
 Coachman, drove us to the (b) Sink of *odom*
 and *Gomorrah*. She is a *Gifted Sister*, and threat-
 ens to have me turned out from among the *Rig-
 htous*, except I renounce thy Company : Verily,

(a) *A Hackney Coach.* (b) *Drury lane.*

I cannot comply, by reason that thee hast kindled in me the *Fire of Concupiscence*, which thee alone canst quench; for as thee hast prevailed over my *Outward Man*, the *Flesh* hath gotten the better of the *Spirit*, and therefore I request thee that we *Lambs* may *sport* and *play* together this Night. O! how tempting are thy (c) two *Hills of Sion*, which led me to the *Valley of Jeboishaphat*, wherein I took so much *Pleasure*! Let me have the full Fruition of Happiness; and if through the abundance of our *Love*, thee should'st peradventure conceive, and bring forth *Fruit*, verily I will make Provision for the *Babe of Grace*, yea, and for thee likewise. Come this Evening to the Sign of the (d) *Firſt and the Last*, in (e) *Sixth-day Street*, where thee wilt find thy Friend,

AMINADAB.

The 17th Day of
the 10th Month.

(c) *Her two Breasts.* (d) *The Cradle and Coffin.*
(e) *Fryday street.*

To the Lady MARY; with the Character of a Modern Fop.

THOU sole Disposer of my captive Heart,
Why dost thou play the savage Tyrant's Part?
Can you, divinely fair One, take Delight
To torture and torment me Day and Night?
How hard my Task! how cruel is my Fate,
To draw the Picture of the *Man I hate*!

The

The *Man*, whose Image in your Breast you wear,
 Who always finds a kind Reception there :
 Nor is this all, much more you still require ;
 Such is your Will, and such is your Desire ;
 His *Imperfections* must be *gilded* o'er,
 That made a *Virtue* which was *Vice* before ;
 His *Folly* flatter'd, and his *Merit* prais'd,
 His *Name* extoll'd, tho' from a *Dungbill* rais'd.
 Can I, who ne'er have been at Court, do this ?
 Turn *Sycophant*, say *Misery* is *Bliss* ?
 But you, *Melinda*, bear imperial Sway,
 And since 'tis your Command I must obey..

The *Man* is free, well-built, of middle Size,
 Yet looks but little in some People's Eyes ;
 But here he gains an advantageous Pass,
 No one can call him an *egregious Ass*.

His Eyes, *Melinda*, are a lovely Hue,
 Round, full, well-set, and of an *azure blue* ;
 But one thing yet, methinks, they much require,
 A Portion of a just and lively *Fire* ;
 Tho' that may be when near to yours they stand,
 And who shall wonder at your great Command ?
 His Eye-brows thick, white, vastly large appear,
 'Till the destroying Tweezers have been there ;
 And this refutes what all his Foes relate,
 Who say his Face is too effeminate.

Nature to him a middling Nose has given,
 Or rather short, but neither smooth or even.
 This is the Reason, as Physicians tell,
 Why he can nothing at a Distance smell.
 His pretty Mouth with blushing Red is ting'd,
 Why should it not ? *Adonis* is unring'd :
 A double Portion of *Impertinence*
 Supplies the Want of *Wit*, the Want of *Sense*.

An advantageous Way of *Dress* he shews,
 Not to be parallel'd by modern *Beaux* ;
 Four Hours each Morning at the *Toilet* pass,
 With *White* and *Red* he plaisters o'er his Face, }
 And rolls his Stockings by a Looking-glass. }

His *Courage* no one sure will make his Scorn ;
 His *Heart* is good, because a *Gascoigne* born ;
 And since no *Loser* he can be by Strife,
 He'll *bazard* freely for a *trifle* Life ;
 For well he knows, as he has oft confess'd,
 The *Hazard's* but a *trifle* at the best.

That he's no *Lyar* I may safely swear,
 For to lye handsomely requires a Share
 Of lively sprightly Thoughts at least, the best,
 The quickest *Memory* to stand the Test.

The *Man* is candid, no *Dissemblér* he,
 For he protests against *Hypocrify*.
 But then observe, nor at the Matter wink,
 Those Men who always say whatev'r they think,
 Don't always think whatev'r they say. By Note
 A Bird may sing ; a *Parrot* speaks by Rote.

Your Fav'rite too is said to be devout,
 This may, *Melinda*, be with Ease made out ;
 He always is at Church when you are there,
 When you, the Goddefs he adores, appear.

His Picture thus in Miniature you see,
 Drawn from the Life, as like as like can be ;
 'Tis an *Original*, but void of *Art*,
 And tho' a finer *Figure* in your Heart
 Than in these *Colours*, he, perhaps, may make,
 Yet have I drawn him purely for your sake.

But

But then remember, for you soon will finl,
Love is a flatt'ring Painter to the Mind,
And to be bigotted to what he *draws*,
Makes you pass o'er innumerable *Flaws*.

*The CONTENTED CUCKOLD; or a
pleasant Adventure between a Stock-
jobber's Wife and a strong-back'd
Irishman.*

THAT there is a general Complaint of the Decay of Trade, or at least of a Stagnation of it, which is much to the same Purpose, is what most Men hear, but many more feel daily: Nor can we reasonably expect to see it otherwise, till an effectual Stop be put to the pernicious Practice of Stock-Jobbing, in all its Branches. However, I may venture to affirm, that there is one Trade, which is called *Basket-making*, that is nourished, supported, and flourishes by the Assistance of this *Evil Root*: And if all Stock-Jobbers and their *Eupes* were served in the like Manner as the *Cornuted Citizen*, who is hereafter mentioned under a *borrowed Name*, I am apt to think it would contribute much to the Demolition of this *Hydra*.

Mr. *Scrape-all*, one of the most noted Jobbers in *Exchange-Alley*, happened to be seized the other Day with a sudden Pain in his *Forehead*, and at his *Heart*, at the same time; insomuch that he could not find any Relief, and therefore went home. He was surprized to find his Door open, occasioned by the omission of his Servant, whom

the

the Mistress had sent on a slaveless Errand, and going up Stairs undiscovered, had no sooner entered his Wife's Bed-chamber, than he perceived her Gallant and she *making the Beast with two Backs.* Heyday! says he, here is fine Work truly: I have plodded, and heaped up Riches, but cannot tell who shall gather them. The Wife, disengaging herself from her Lover, confronted him with all the Assurance imaginable: Look you, Mr. *Scrape-all*, says she, if you spend your time in *Jobbing* for other People abroad, I think you have no reason to complain if I provide one, who is so kind to do that *Job* at home which ought to be done by *Tou*. In short, Sir, you may expose me and yourself if you please; but for my part, I value it not; I have Three hundred a Year for *Pin-Money*, which you cannot take from me, and my *Thirds* are secured to me by the *Law*. Put therefore your *Horns* in your Pocket, following the Example of many Hundred of your Fellow-Citizens. The contented Cuckold acquiesced, and obeyed his Wife's Commands; but turning to her Lover, said, Pray, Sir, who are you? I am, replied the Strong-back *Irishman*, a Half-pay Officer, who endeavour as much as in me lies, to relieve the Necessity of my Neighbours, which you must needs own is an Act of *Charity*. A Pox on your *Charity*, and your Neighbours *Necessities*, says the *Stock-Jobber*; and thereupon he returned to *Exchange-Alley*, having first taken a Glass of generous Wine to cheer his Heart, leaving his *Crooked Rib* and her *Herculean Hibernian*, to finish the Work which he had put a stop to, by his unseasonable breaking in upon their *Moments of Pleasure*.

*The Art of COURSHIP ; in an Epistle
from Captain Stitch, a Taylor, to
Nanny Pye-crust, a Pastry-cook.*

MA Y I from *Cabbage* be debarr'd,
And fare, like any *Scotchman*, hard ;
From *Cucumbers* and *Onions* driven,
Or some poor nasty *Hovel* live in ;
Be shunn'd, despis'd, like *Yeoman Chartres*,
Or hang'd in my own *Woollen Garters* :
If any *Lass* e'er pleas'd my *Fancy*
As does my dear, my charming *Nancy* ;
Grant me a *Thimble-full* of *Love*,
And my most humble *Suit* approve.

Be not hard-hearted like a *Turk*,
But *finish* chearfully the *Work*.
I'll *thread* your *Needle*, *stitch* me to you,
And Measure will for *Measure* shew you.
Sbreds of *Affection* you disdain,
And a poor *Remnant* gives you *Pain* ;
I'll *fit* you then——if you are kind,
You shall have *All* to please your *Mind*.

My Faith I *pin* upon your *Sleeve*,
And as you do, so I believe.
Let me be headlong sent to *Hell*,
Or in *Oblivion* ever dwell ;
Be ever wretched and forlorn,
Be made the *Jest*, the publick *Scorn*
Of Fools, Informers, *threadbare Bullies*,
And kicked by *Bailiff*, *Pimps* and *Cullies* ;
May these, I say, and many worse
(But Heaven has sure no greater Curse)

My Portion be, if I deny
 Whate'er you ask, or make Reply.
 The *Breeches* you shall freely wear,
 Do what you will, *rip, rant and tear*;
 Take *All* that's in 'em as your due;
 You shall be *Cap* and *Button* too.

Stick in my *Skirts*, if I deceive you,
 And if I offer once to leave you,
 May I be *Basted* as you *lift*,
 My *Tard* be broke, my Guts made *Twist*.

Then *Canvas* o'er each *fine-drawn* Line,
 And favourably make me thine.

TIMOTHY STITCH.

The ANSWER.

STITCH,

I Received this Day your Letter,
 Which I have read for want of better;
 Open before me now it lies,
 And comes in time to serve for *Pies*.
 I sifted carefully each Line,
 And at last bolted your Design;
 You promise fair, but let me tell y'
 Fair Promises won't fill the Belly:
 Pye-Crust and they (as it is spoken)
 Are made on purpose to be broken.
 Tho' much Affection you profess,
 I'm not puff'd up with your Address;
 I weighed your Love, and find it Light,
 The Ballance turns unto the Right.

I hate a Husband (as they say)
 Who will be moulded every way :
 A House, that's rul'd by Tongue and Udder,
 Is like a Ship without a Rudder.

Think me not *Crusty* if I give
 To your Request the Negative ;
 And tell you plainly you will find
 No *Crumbs* of Comfort for your Mind.
 Your Bandy Legs and Sandy Locks
 Shall ne'er make me your *Drudging Box* ;
 Nor shall you so successful prove,
 To have the Parings of my Love.

But now to mix some *sweet* with *sour*,
 Suppose you had me in your Power ;
 Suppose I should permit you, Sloven,
 To *bake* one Evening in my *Oven* ;
 Such is your Ignorance, I trow,
 Your *Cake* would after all be *Dough*.

NANNY PYE CRUST.

An Epistle from a Procurer to a Courtesan in New Bond-street.

Dear LAIS,

I Have drank your Health, since Dinner, in no less than twelve Bumpers successively ; from hence you may easily conclude, that if the Basis of the World was in as tottering a Condition as the Pedestals of your Friend we should be

be separated from the glorious *Juice of the Grape*, and from thy more glorious Person. I am now in Company with Sir *Richard* and his Brother ; I cannot think that *Nature* had a hand in the Formation of the *one*, who is the *Child of Fortune* ; but the *other*, who is justly called the *Witty, wild Extravagant*, has the Air and Mein of a Gentleman, and wants *only* an Estate to make him the compleatest Gentleman in the Kingdom. He would *trifle away* a few Hours with you, but cannot come up to your *Price* : Prithee grant him the *Favour* for Charity sake, which, 'tis said, *covers a Multitude of Faults*. As for the *Knight*, he swears he will enjoy you at any rate, and is so much inflamed at the thoughts of the *Mole* on the right Thigh, that he has sent his *gilt Chariot* to bring you hither : Grant, *Venus*, that it does not prove a *fiery Tryal*. If you have not *redeemed* from Bondage your Gold Watch, that with the *Bath Metal Case* may pass well enough ; and the *Bristol Stone* Necklace may serve for the *Brilliants* which are in Captivity with the Devil's Agent in *Drury-lane*. I have contracted with the *Knight*, that dull-headed Lump of Mortality, for twenty Guineas ; remember I am to have Brokerage, and come with all Expedition to

Tour Friend,

Pall-Mall,
Tuesday Evening,

TIMOTHY SMUGLER.



*A Letter from an Irish Captain to a
Lady of great Fortune.*

MADAM,

I Send this Letter by a Trumpet. I require you to surrender within three Days upon honourable Terms. You may remember I beat up your Head Quarters last Summer. You then fled to your Fortress of Defence. I pursued and environed you. My design of a Siege is turned into a Blockade. But, if you are obstinate, may I die the Death of a Dog, if I do not make my regular Approaches in the Spring, and carry all before me with Fire and Sword. Consult your own Safety, and accept my Proposals. If you comply not with the Conditions now offered, expect no Mercy from

Capt. SIMPLETON TUPEE.

P. S. I have a Spy in your Cabinet; your Thoughts and Actions are not concealed from me.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

BY your Name I should take you to be a Frenchman; your Method in writing would make me believe you to be a Mongrel Grecian, of the Laconic Breed, did not your Assurance convince me that you are that very numerical idea-

Identical, two-leg'd Irish Animal, who haunts me as an Evil Genius does a guilty Conscience. Truly, Captain, I always had a Suspicion of your being a *Simpleton*, which I find to be well grounded, having a confirmation of it under your own Hand. As for your *Blockade*, I am apt to think it is a slip of the Pen, and that you would have wrote *Blockhead*: Do you imagine me to be one of that Class? so foolish as to submit before the *Trenches* are opened? If you are not better acquainted with the Art of War than with the Art of Love, your Reputation, if you have any, will quickly be lost. Who, in the Name of *Mars*, ever heard that a *Siege* was committed to the Care and Conduct of a Captain? You ought to have told me, what *Corps* you belong to, whether the Trained Bands, or the Modern Incendiaries; the latter is the most probable. Now if this be the Case, what would become of you, if I should cause you to be apprehended? For you say, you will carry all before you with Fire and Sword except I comply, otherwise I must expect no Mercy. Now you shall see that Innuendo's are of excellent use; for if I do not comply, that is, if I do not put my Fortune, which is Thirty thousand Pounds, into your Hands, within three Days, (the very Cant of the fashionable Letters) the Consequence will be Fire and Sword without Mercy. Is there a Jury in *England*, who would not find you guilty by the Strength and Force of such Reasoning? And then, what a lamentable Spectacle should we behold, when Captain *Simpleton Tupee* dances a Jigg at *Tyburn*, with the Tune of a Psalm in his Ears. If you have therefore any value for your Neck, forbear your Impertinence for the future, for I contemn you and your Spies.

The

*The Poet's Wish; or a Satirical Poem
on Lawyers. From Cowley.*

Westminster-Hall a Friend and I agreed
To meet in ; he (some Busines's twas did breed
His Absence) came not there ; I up did go
To the next Court, for tho' I could not know
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear
(As most Spectators do at Theatre)
Things very strange ; Fortune did seem to grace
My coming there, and helpt me to a Place.
But being newly settled at the Sport,
A Semi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,
In a Satin Suit, redeem'd but yesterday ;
One who is ravish'd with a Cock-pit Play,
Who prays God to deliver him from no Evil
Besides a Taylor's Bill, and fears no Devil
Besides a Serjeant, thrust me from my Seat ;
At which I gan to quarrel, 'till a neat
Man in a Ruit (whom therefore I did take
For Barrester) open'd his Mouth and spake ;
Boy, get you gone, this is no School ; oh no,
For if it were, all you Gown men would go
Up for false *Latin*. They grew strait to be
Incens'd ; I fear'd they would have brought on me
An Action of Trespass, 'till th' young Man
Aforesaid, in the Satin Sait, began
To strike me : Doubtless there had been a Fray,
Had not I providently skip'd away,
Without replying ; for to scold is ill,
Where every Tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,
And can out-sound Homer's *Gradivus* ; so
Away got I ; but e'er I far did go,
I hung (the Darts of wounding Poetry)
These two or three sharp Curses baek : May he

Be

Be by his Father in his Study took
 At Shakepear's Plays, instead of my Lord Coke.
 May he, tho' all his Writings grow as soon
 As Fleckno's out of Estimation,
 Get him a Poet's Name, and so ne'er come
 Into a Serjeant's, or dead Judge's room.
 May he become some poor Physician's Prey,
 Who keeps Men in that Conscience in delay,
 As he his Client doth, 'till his Health be
 As far fetcht as a Greek Noun's Pedigree.
 Nay, for all that, may the Disease be gone
 Never but in the long Vacation.
 May Neighbours chuse all Quarrels to decide,
 But if for Law any to London ride,
 Of all those Clients may not one be his,
 Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis.*

Grant this, ye Gods that favour Poetry,
 That all these never-ceasing Tongues may be
 Brought into Reformation, and not dare
 To quarrel with a thread-bare Black; but spare
 Them who bear Scholars Names, lest some one take
 Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.



FAITHFUL
MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE *and* AMOURS

Of the Celebrated

Mrs. ANN OLDFIELD.

ЛЯТИА
ЗЕМОЯ
ЗИМУЯ
ВЪ СПИСІ

Д



THE

LIFE and CHARACTER

Of that celebrated ACTRESS

Mrs. ANN OLDFIELD.

TH E Lives of celebrated Comedians have always been received as an agreeable Amusement by the Publick ; wherefore 'tis to be hoped, that the following Account of an inimitable Actress, who has a long Series of Time maintain'd an incontestable Superiority over all her Co-temporaries, and been the universal Delight of the *Beau Monde*, will meet with as favourable Quarter from the Town, as either the facetious Mr. Spiller's, or honest Penkethman's, of merry Memory.

HER Talents for genteel Comedy were, I believe, never surpassed, if equalled by any one ; and whoever has seen her act *Andromache* in the *Distress'd Mother*, must allow she was an excellent Tragedian.

HER Person was infinitely graceful, her Nature majestic, her Behaviour so enchanting, and her Conversation so agreeable, that, during her whole Life, she was in the highest Esteem with

Persons of the greatest Wit and Quality in the Kingdom.

IN her private Capacity she was a Woman of uncommon Generosity and good Nature; so that she never sent away dissatisfy'd any unfortunate Person who ever applied to her for any Favour, especially if they were endowed with a liberal Education.

BUT as in the writing her Life, we must begin before her Appearance upon the Stage, we shall endeavour to give the World the most authentick Memoirs, that could possibly be procured, of the most material Occurrences that ever happen'd to her from her Infancy.

As varibus have been the Scenes thro' which she passed, before she acquired that established Character to which she at last arriv'd, we flatter ourselves the Reader will find it an acceptable Entertainment; the more, inasmuch as we shall adhere strictly to Matters of Fact, and not intersperse this Work with a heap of fictitious Forgeries and Inconsistencies; as is too often done in Productions of this Nature.

WE shall therefore spare neither Cost nor Pains to render our Memoirs compleat; and hope accordingly they will meet with better Encouragement than those spurious Accounts, which never fail being trump'd up on the like Occasions, and are sure to accompany the Deaths of any eminent Persons.

WHEREFORE, as we don't suppose Mrs. Oldfield's Memory will meet with any better Quarter from these Gentry than others who have gone before

before her, we will endeavour to rescue her from their Clutches, and put her into such a Dress, as may fit her once more to appear in, and be the Delight of, the best Company. Not that we shall pretend to set her off to so much Advantage as she appear'd when she charm'd the Eyes and Ears of all Beholders; that is a Task to which we confess ourselves not equal: However, we will take care to strip her of as few of her native Beauties as possible; and tho' the Picture does not come up to the Original, we will at least not fail to make it a tolerable Copy.

JUST as I prophesied, I have now seen an Advertisement, desiring Hints to be sent to *Hurt's Coffee-house in the Strand*, to one *William Egerton*, who no doubt will pack together a gross Collection of Absurdities, and palm them upon the Town for Hints sent by Persons of Credit and Reputation. This same *William Egerton* being only a fictitious Name, to cover some wretched blind Author, who is afraid to set his real one, for fear his Character should damn his Performance.

To shew I am not mistaken in what the Town is to expect from Mr. *Egerton*, and to give a Specimen of his Performance, even in his Advertisement, he has not been able so much as to spell her Name right; or had Credit enough with any one to set him right in so trivial a Circumstance; for nothing is more certain, than that she always wrote it *Ann* without an *E*, whereof he might have informed himself, had he had but Interest enough to procure the Sight of any one Letter or Receipt under her Hand.

To begin then: Her Grandfather, who was born of honest and reputable Parents, was put out Apprentice to a *Vintner*; and in that Station always behaved himself in such a manner, as gained both the Approbation and Good-will of his Master, and was very obliging to all his Customers. He had not been long out of his Time, before he set up for himself, and took the *George Tavern*, now an Alehouse, over-against the *Cocoa Tree* in *Pall Mall*, where his Behaviour was so engaging, and his Usage so good, that he quickly drew Crouds of the best Company, and consequently was not long before (to use a common Expression) he got the Forehorse by the Head, and throve amain. Accordingly he not only bought the House wherein he lived, but two more adjoining to it, and entirely rebuilt them from the Ground.

As he lived long enough afterwards to gain a very handsome Fortune, besides this Estate, by his Business, and had but two Sons living, thinking the eldest would be otherwise well enough provided for, he at his Decease left these three Houses, worth then between sixty and seventy Pounds *per Annum*, to his youngest Son, who was the Father of our celebrated Mrs. *Ann Oldfield*.

This Gentleman being, as may be imagined, of not altogether so parsimonious and lucrative a Temper as his deceas'd Father, did not enjoy this Estate long, before he first mortgaged, and after sold it outright to his elder Brother. Accordingly it is now in the Possession of the said elder Brother's Son, Mr. *George Oldfield*, a *Husier*, in *St. James's-street*, near *St. James's Gate*, who is
first

first Cousin to the deceas'd Mrs. *Ann Oldfield*. After the Sale of this Estate, her Father being willing, as 'tis supposed, to put himself in some Way of Living with the Money, bought, towards the latter End of the late King *James's* Reign, into the Horse Guards, and continued in that Post till his Death, which happen'd not many Years after.

AFTER his decease, his Family (consisting of a Widow and one young Daughter, the Heroine of our Story) not being left in a very flourishing Condition, his elder Brother, abovementioned, took Compassion on the Girl, and resolved to give her some Education. To this purpose he put her to School, where she soon took her Learning with admirable Proficiency, and must, in time, have made great Progress in all the Accomplishments suitable to her Sex: But she had not been long there, before she discovered such an invincible Inclination to become an Actress upon the Stage, that no Persuasions, Admonitions, or even Threatnings of her Mother and Friends (who were all to the last Degree averse to her engaging in such a Profession) cou'd deter her from it,

HER Uncle, in order to keep her from going Abroad, after she had got a little Learning, made her his Bar-Keeper, in which Place she continued not long before she enamour'd the Heart of a Gentleman who frequented the House; and soon after she left her Uncle, and went and lived with the said Gentleman. But at present we shall leave her a little in this Disposition, and say something of her Mother.

THIS Gentlewoman being left almost destitute by her Husband, did for some Years after his Death follow the Business of a Mantua-Maker, to support herself, (her Daughter being provided for, as was before observed) and upon her Daughter's admittance into the Playhouse she was recommended to be a Maker of Habits for the Actresses. In this Station her Mother continued some Years, till her Daughter's Fortune and Salary being increased considerably, she thought proper to take her from that State and Dependence, and allowed her a competent Maintenance out of her own Income, 'till the Day of her Death.

UPON this Allowance the old Gentlewoman, quitting the said Employment of making Playhouse Habits, has lived ever since very private, and now dwells with her Sister in Cambridge-street, near Broad-street, *Golden Square*; and we are undoubtedly informed, that her Daughter, of whom we are now treating, has, by her last Will and Testament, considerably augmented her Allowance, and settled it upon her as an Annuity during her Life.

To return now to the deceas'd Mrs. Oldfield : Her first Appearance upon the Stage was in the Year 1697, at the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, then under the Direction of Mr. Rich, Father to the present Proprietor of *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* Playhouse. The first Character she ever appear'd in upon the Stage was that of *Candiope* in the *Maiden Queen*, which she perform'd at *Drury-Lane* Theatre for the Benefit of Mrs. Kent.

SHE was first introduced into the Company of Mr. Rich by Sir John Vanbrugh, who being charm'd with her Voice and graceful Delivery, immediately took a Fancy to her, and received her into the Company acting under his Patent, where copying after those inimitable Actresses Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle, she soon improved so much beyond his Expectation, that he was quickly sensible he should not be deceiv'd in his Judgment, or have any Reason to repent his having brought her upon the Stage. In short, to say all in a few Words, she soon gave promising Hopes of being Mrs. Oldfield, that is, the Delight of the Age wherein she liv'd, and all that can be summ'd up in a Woman of her Profession.

NOT many Years after her being received into this Theatre, a great Difference happen'd between Mr. Rich and one Mr. Swinny. In short, the Misunderstanding came to such a Height, that all Endeavours to reconcile them proved fruitless, and one of them was oblig'd of Necessity to quit the Field. Things being at this pass, it fell to the Lot of Mr. Swinny to remove his Habitation, and great Endeavours, as may be well imagined, were used on both Sides to gain over the best of the Players to their Interest.

AMONGST these the deceas'd Mrs. Oldfield, who began already to be very famous, did not fail of being strenuously courted by both Parties; but, however, notwithstanding what Arguments Mr. Rich could use, Mr. Swinny's happen'd to be at that time most prevailing; and no wonder, for he was an *Irishman*; and the Gentle-

men of that Country are generally reputed to be Masters of very persuasive Inducements, to gain the Fair Ones over to their Party.

NOT long after, as Mrs. Oldfield daily improved in her Profession, a Dispute was set on Foot (whether first started between themselves or by the Town, I will not pretend to determine) whether she or Mrs. Bracegirdle, who was then the most celebrated Actress at that Time, could best perform a Part in Comedy. This Contest, however it first began, grew at last so considerable, that 'twas agreed to make the Town the Judges: Accordingly, *The Amorous Widow*; or, *The Wanton Wife*, was pitch'd upon as the Play; and to determine this important Point, 'twas order'd that it should be acted two Nights successively, and that Mrs. Bracegirdle, as being the Senior, should have the Preference of the first Night, and play the *Wanton Wife*, which same should the next Night be performed by Mrs. Oldfield: Never did that not as yet forgotten Contest between the Signora's Cuzzoni and Faustina keep the Beau Monde more in anxious Suspense, or occasion more Effusion among the Toupees, and fluttering of Fans among the Ladies, than this Emulation of our Heroines did in the Beaux and Belles of those Times.

THE long expected Night being come, the Senior Championess appear'd, attended with such Croud of Beaux as might be expected from a long unrivalled Superiority, and performed her Part, as usual, to such Admiration, as inspired a Confidence into all her Friends, and made Mis. Oldfield's Well-wishers dread the Issue would not be in her favour. However, the next Night, when our Heroine graced the Stage, and had spoke

Spoke but ten Lines, such was the gracefulness and beauty of her Person, so enchanting the harmony of her Voice and justness of her Delivery, and so inimitable her Action, that she charm'd the whole Audience to that Degree; they almost forgot they had ever seen Mrs. Bracegirdle, and universally adjudged her the Preheminence; which very much disgusted her celebrated Antagonist; and Mrs. Oldfield's Benefit being allowed by Mr. Swinny to be in the Season before Mrs. Bracegirdle's, added so much to the Affront, that she quitted the Stage immediately. Ever since that time Mrs. Oldfield has maintained an undisputed Sovereignty over all her Co-temporaries, on every Theatre where-ever she perform'd.

ABOUT 25 Years ago Mr. Rich prevailed on Mrs. Oldfield to leave the *Hay-Market*, and come to the Theatre in *Drury-Lane* again, wherein he then was concern'd; accordingly she did so; and whoever happened to be Managers or Proprietors of that House after Mr. Rich, she could not be persuaded to quit it, but continued constant to it to her last. Here it was she shone in full Glory, and appeared like the Sun in its Meridian Altitude, and dazzled the Eyes as well as charm'd the Hearts of all Beholders. What *Anchoret* that has ever seen her act *Letitia* in the *Old Batchelour*, but cou'd heartily have wished himself in *Belmour's Place* to have been the happy Man! Who that has seen her *Constantia* in the *Chances*, but has envy'd *Don John*, and would, like him, have fought an Army to have secured her to himself! Who that has seen her *Angelica* in *Love for Love*, but would, like *Valentine*, have made away with all to have obtained her! Or who that has seen her *Lady Brute* in the *Pro-
bras*

vok'd Wife, but would have given a Province to have been the *Worthy* to enjoy her ! In short, let her have been either the *Lady Lurewell* in the *Constant Couple*, or *Mrs. Sullen* in the *Stratagem*, and any Man of Flesh and Blood would have sacrificed a King's Ransom to change Places with either the *Beau* or the *Footman*; so irresistible was she in every Character that she personated.

BUT perhaps some Cynick will pretend to say, that these were only trivial ludicrous Characters, and that she was not equal to any thing Serious or Sublime; if such a Person has ever seen her act *Andromache* or *Jane Shore*, he would hardly ever be to be forgiven; but if he has once beheld her in the inimitable Person of *Calista*, in Mr. *Rowe's Fair Penitent*, and could remain unmoved, I believe all Mankind will own that he will not be so much intitled to Sublimity as a Brute, nor much more than a Stone. Never again will the ravish'd Town be charm'd with such a *Calista*, nor ever had a *Lothario* such an Excuse for transgressing : In fine, whilst *Drury-Lane Theatre* lasts, never will that Character be so exquisitely performed, as it was by the never to be forgotten, and too much lamented *Mrs. Oldfield*.

SOME Years after her appearance on this Theatre an Incident happened, which will always be mentioned to *Mrs. Oldfield's* Honour, as it is the most distinguishing Proof both of her Charms, Merit and Integrity that ever could be given to a Person in her Station. 'Twas this: *Mr. Manwaring*, a Gentleman of one of the best Families in *Great Britain*, as well as a Man of the most exquisite and refined Taste, and

and most unquestioned Judgment; in a Word, one whose Company was courted by the greatest Quality of both Sexes, and whose Works will be the Standard of good Writing as long as Wit, Humour and Elegance bear any Value in our Island: This Gentleman, I say, being first infinitely charm'd with Mrs. *Oldfield's* Performances on the Stage, and finding afterwards, when occasionally in her Company, that her Conversation was the most agreeable that could be imagin'd, and that she had Turns of Wit, and a natural Justness of Thought superior to her Sex, selected her from all the Fair Part of the Creation that graces our Isle (and in that I believe I may say two thirds of the Universe) to be his Bosom Companion, and share his Joys and Cares; in short, to be the Partner of his softer Hours, when disengaged from busy Coxcombs, and deny'd to both the Great, the Vulgar, and the Small.

Now I would fain ask any snarling Critick, or grave Idiot, what greater Compliment could be paid to the most exalted of her beauteous Sex, than for a Man of unequalled Wit and Judgment, who might have chosen from almost all the Daughters of our Mother *Eve* which adorn this Isle, to give the Preference to Mrs. *Oldfield*? Never, I fear again, will any one in her Station be able to give the same Proof of their Charms and Merit. Now for her Honour and Integrity, wherein she will be found to vye if not excel the most indulgent Mother, and the severest Prude, with all but those whose narrow Souls, moving always in the same Sphere, will not give Grains of Allowance to those whose excentric Genius move above their Orb, that is to say, to those whose petty Failings have superior Excel-lencies

lencies to all such Cavillers : The same Gentleman, upon a mature Judgment form'd from his having been a Witness of her Behaviour for several Years, being snatched away in the Prime of his Age, (to the great Regret of all who had the Happiness to know him) and leaving behind him one Son, the only Fruits of their mutual Affection, and Heir to all his Father's Qualities, thought he cou'd not intrust him, nor a handsome Fortune, to the Care of a more prudent Woman, or a fonder Mother.

ACCORDINGLY at his decease he made her whole and sole Executrix to his Will, and left his Estate, amounting to between Six and seven hundred Pounds *per Annum*, in Trust with her, for the Use of his Son, till he should arrive to the Years of Twenty-one, and the Interest in mean time to herself, allowing him a handsome Maintenance and Education. And pray, how has she discharged this Trust? Why, after giving him an Education superior to most of our modern Quality, she has bought him an honourable Commission in the Guards; and at her decease, as a Testimony of her motherly Affection, bequeathed him the Interest of Five thousand Pounds during his Life, to revert at his Death to his younger Brother. Blush ye rigid virtuous Women! Blush all ye sanctify'd Prudes! who being left Guardians to your Children, marry second Husbands, and thoughtless of your first Brood, suffer your Spouses, for the sake of a Bedfellow, to waste your Childrens Patrimony, and bring them to the Parish. But I have not as yet done with her Character upon this Head.

OF VICES IN WOMEN. OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.
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SEVERAL
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SEVERAL Years after this Gentleman's Decease, Mrs. Oldfield, whose Company grew daily more agreeable, and in whose Beauty Time had not made any Alteration but what was for the better, had again the good Fortune to captivate a General Officer in the Army, nearly ally'd to one of the most illustrious Families in Europe, and universally allowed to be a Person of as great Accomplishments as any of his Rank. By this Gentleman has Mrs. Oldfield left one Son, a fine Youth of about nine Years of Age, and of uncommon Qualifications, the mutual Hope and Darling of his fond and indulgent Parents; and to shew he was no less a Sharer in her maternal Affections, nor less eminently her Care than his Brother before-mentioned, she has not only left him the Reversion of the Five Thousand Pounds after his said Brother's Decease, but she has made him Heir to her fine House in *Grosvenor-street*, which cost her about six Years ago two thousand two hundred Pounds, together with all the rich and valuable Furniture belonging thereto, and her Jewels, worth in all about eleven thousand Pounds; and all the Remainder of her real and personal Estate whatsoever, after her Debts, Legacies, and Funeral Charges are defrayed; and to secure this firm to him, she has left his Father Joint-Executor of her Will, with three more Gentlemen of Probity and Honour; leaving to each of them but twenty Pounds a-piece for their Trouble, if they will please to accept the same:

AND now let any one tell me by what more amiable Qualities could the most exalted Character have distinguished herself, than by the greatest Integrity and Honour, and the most sincere and inviolable Friendship where she profess'd

fess'd it, and the most tender and uncommon Affection and Regard to the Welfare of her Children ?

THERE is one material Circumstance comes now afresh into my Memory, which I shall relate without the least Partiality, notwithstanding it was a very ungenerous Action done by the deceas'd Mrs. Oldfield, but, for ought I know, it might have been the only one she was ever guilty of. The Reason of my inserting it, is because I would adhere strictly to my Title Page; and besides, it is always necessary when any one undertakes to relate the Series of a Person's Life, that they should expose the bad Circumstances with the good ones, that the Readers may be Judges of their Transactions.

ONE Mr. F---, who had a very considerable Place in his Majesty's Customs, being enamour'd with Mrs. Oldfield, (who at the same time had a Wife and Children) he informed her of his Passion, which she acquiesced to gratify. Upon this Account the Gentleman left his Family, and took entirely to Mrs. Oldfield; but e're long she left him, and went to the honourable Gentleman who has been before mentioned.

Now whether or no Mrs. Oldfield left Mr. F--- because she would not wrong his Family, or else that she had a better liking to the other Gentleman, is at present out of my Power to determine; but so far is certain, that she often persuaded him to return to his Family again.

BUT

BUT before we entirely take our leave of Mrs. Oldfield, we will once more consider her in her proper Sphere, the Stage. Here we are credibly informed that a few Months after Mr. Manwaring's Decease, it fell to her Lot to speak that celebrated Epilogue to Mr. Phillip's *Distress'd Mother*, written by *Eustace Budgell, Esq;* Upon which Occasion, having introduced her Son by that Gentleman (who was then a Child) upon the Stage, she spake these two Lines with inimitable Humour, pointing to the Boy when she said, *Sty;*

*Whilſt I, his Relict, made at one bold fling
Myſelf a Princeſs, and young Sty a King.*

THE Town was the more charm'd herewith, because there was then some Similitude between the Circumstances of *Andromache* and herself, both having lost a Friend and Patron, and both having made their Fortune.

ANOTHER Circumstance likewise may not be improper to be here inserted, viz. That his present Majesty, upon the Death of the late Sir Richard Steele, Kt. conferred upon her the Patent for the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, which had formerly been given to that Gentleman.

N EITHER can we omit taking Notice, that never any Actress within the Memory of Man, (nor I believe before) met with such Encouragement as Mrs. Oldfield; which is no small Proof of the Excellency of her performing in every Character; since from about One hundred and fifty Pounds *per Annum*, which was the most of her Allowance upon her first coming to

F *Drury-*

Druny-Lane Theatre, it was several times augmented to that Degree, that some Years before her Death it amounted to about five hundred Pounds *per Annum*, a Price never before given to any one. Nay, what was more extraordinary, it was inserted in her Articles that she should never be obliged to act, without she pleased herself, after the last Day of *April*. Besides which, on her own Benefit Nights, the Expences of the House, which to others amount to about fifty Pounds, were always given her.

HER last Benefit was on *Thursday, March 19, 1729-30*, when she acted the Part of *Calista* in Mr. *Rowe's Fair Penitent*; and the Part of *Lothario* was performed by a Gentleman for his own Diversion. The new Tragedy of *Sophonisba* was to have been acted for her Benefit, but was alter'd by Command of their Majesties, who were present, together with the Prince of *Wales*, and the rest of the Royal Family, to see it acted. This Character she perform'd as usual, that is to say, inimitably; and she appear'd with such a noble Grandeur in her Person, that it were to be wish'd some of our modern Ladies of Quality could learn in their turns to personate Mrs. *Oldfield*: So infinitely did the Copy transcend the Original, and so much more amiable did they appear when represented by Mrs. *Oldfield*, than when at home with their Lords.

AFTER this she continued acting till *Tuesday the 28th Day of April* following, when she performed the Part of *Lady Brute* in Sir *John Vanbrugh's Provoked Wife*; which was acted that Night for the Benefit of Mr. *Clarke* and Miss *Rafter*.

THIS

This being, according to her Articles, as we have already observed, the last Month that she was obliged to act for the Season, she never came to the Playhouse afterwards. Nor indeed could she, had she been inclined to have appeared there; for not long after her leaving *Drury-Lane*, she was siezed with a lingring Sicknes, which, tho' she had her lucid Intervals, when she was much better in Health than at other times, never left her till it had carried her to her Grave.

DURING this her last Illness, she was frequently attended by the most eminent Physicians, who having long in vain try'd their utmost Art and Skill, finding the Disease baffled the Force of their choicest Medicines, advis'd her, as the last Remedy, to try the Benefit of the Country Air. Accordingly she took Lodgings at *Hampstead*, where she continued some time; but whether that Air, which is very searching, prov'd too sharp for her Distemper, or whether it was grown to a too uncontroulable height, she there felt such exquisite racking Pains, that 'twas past the Patience of the greatest Stoick, or the Constancy of the boldest Hero, to have born them without complaining, and that loudly too, of their Sufferings: And indeed, in the Agony of her Pains, they did force such dismal Shrieks and Outcries from her, that the Neighbourhood beginning to be alarm'd at the unusual Noise, 'twas thought proper to remove her to her own House in *Grosvenor-street*.

HERE the noble Gentleman, who has been long known to have had an extraordinary Value for her, sat up with her at first for several Nights, without Intermision; and that so long,

till Nature being no longer able to bear the uncommon Fatigue, it had like to have brought a dangerous Indisposition upon himself. Wherefore he was at last prevail'd upon to forbear such a constant Attendance, tho' he never fail'd visiting her very frequently to the time of her Death.

FINDING that Death was unavoidable, some time before her Decease she began in earnest to prepare for it, like a Woman of both admirable Sense, and a good Christian. For having first settled all her worldly Affairs, by making her Will, she dedicated the rest of her Time to the Thoughts of a future State, and endeavour'd by a sincere Repentance to make all the Atonement that lay in her Power for a mispent Life; and indeed how could it be expected otherwise, from a Person who had been from her Youth immerced in Vanity, surrounded with Flattery, and inur'd to a profuse way of Living? Most Women, I believe, in her Condition would have done as much, few would have done better, and many would have done much worse. However, after having long lain in the greatest Torment, she at last died an exemplary Penitent, on Friday the 23d Day of October, 1730, about two of the Clock in the Morning, aged 47 Years, being born in the Year 1683.

AFTER her Decease, her Corps was removed on Monday the 26th Day of the said Month of October in the Evening, from her House in Grosvenor street, to the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster-Abbey, where it lay in State the next Evening, and late that Night was interr'd in the said Abbey, in great Funeral Pomp. The Supporters of her Pall being the Lords Delawar and Harvey,

*Harvey, Mr. Carey, Mr. Hedges, Mr. Dorrington
and Captain Elliot.*

SHE made a Will, as I have already observ'd,
and died very rich, having left a great many Le-
gacies, besides those that have been before men-
tion'd, to her Friends and Relations.

THUS having conducted this celebrated Actress
to her last Obsequies, we can only observe in ge-
neral, that she was a Woman of admirable good
Qualities, with some few Failings ; and if those
rigid Ladies, who are so very exact in point of
Chastity, cannot overlook that Transgression in
her, I would advise them to imitate her in her
Perfections, otherwise I will assure them, that 'tis
very possible for a Woman of the nicest Virtue
in that one point, to make a more intolerable
Wife, a more reproachable Mother, a more worth-
less Friend, a more disagreeable Companion, and
in a word, a more good-for-nothing Creature al-
together, than the most abandon'd Woman in
that one respect only in *England*; and we shall
conclude with saying, that if they don't care to
give any Grains of Allowance to the Temptati-
ons wherewith she was surrounded, nor think it
an Excuse for living like her, we hope they won't
take it amiss, if we offer them this Piece of Ad-
vice, which is, to be very careful to die like her.

*When mourning Oldfield on her Death bed lay,
Oldfield the Fair, the Witty, and the Gay ;
Thus to her Friends around her did she cry,
Live not like Oldfield, but like Oldfield die.*

A N
E P I T A P H
O N
Mrs. ANN OLDFIELD.

*THE Boxes Charmer, and the Pit's Delight,
By cruel Death now ravish'd from our Sight,
Here Oldfield lies ; in that one single Name
All's said that can perpetuate her Fame.*